THE PACIFIC

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"A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air
Like the low thunder of a sultry sky
Far-rolling ere the downright lightning's glare . . . .
Dusk with the wings of eagle's wheeling o'er.
Day of the Lord, of darkness, and not light!
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar!
Even so, Father! Let Thy will be done;
Turn and overturn, end what thou hast begun
In judgment or in mercy. . . . ."

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith, New York Secretary of the American Board, is president of the Congregational Club of New York and vicinity.

The pulpit of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, was occupied on Sunday, Dec. 16, by Dr. William Horace Day of Bridgeport, Connecticut; last Sunday by Dr. Van Dyke. Dr. Jefferson is absent for five Sundays on a preaching tour at some of the cantonments.

The Boston Transcript says that the chimes in the steeple of the old North Church were rung on Sunday, December 16, in commemoration of the fall of Jerusalem, and the wresting of its control from the Turks. "Many great events in history have been marked by the ringing of these bells, from the fall of Cornwallis to present-day observances of patriotic occasions."

Presumably the Church Times, a British religious journal, doesn't approve te government attitude of no statement of peace terms, for it remarked about the middle of November with reference to what was up to that time Lloyd George's latest declaration, "Well into the fourth year we have been kept completely in the dark." The British Weekly quotes this without comment or question, seemingly with acquiesence. But when the London Globe says: "There are Ministers who are not earnest—Ministers who are thinking more of sparing themselves than of beating the Germans, the Weekly says, "Names, please?"

The Pilgrim Press, Boston Massachusetts, has issued the Monday Club Sermons on the International Sunday school Lessons for 1918. This is the forty-third series. Among the contributors are Charles R. Brown, Henry Stiles Bradley, William E. Barton, Charles E. Jefferson, Howard A. Bridgman, Nehemiah Boynton, Francis E. Clarke, Stephen A. Norton and Albert Dunning. The price of the book is $1.15. The first sermon on the lesson for January 6, arrests attention with these opening words: "John was God's road-builder." Dean Brown writes on "Jacob's Deception." His opening words are: "Jacob and Esau—twins! But they were not at all alike; they were as unlike as William Howard Taft and Theodore Roosevelt."

The Missionary Herald for December has a "welcome" to Boston of Dr. Miles B. Fisher, the new Educational Secretary, saying concerning the work to which he called, as it relates to the Board: "To the American Board, this new departure is particularly welcome, as it will serve to strengthen the educational work in behalf of young people which was begun in 1906, through the coming upon our staff of Mr. Harry Wade Hicks. Having been pioneers in this line of activity, the officers of the American Board naturally rejoice to see missionary educational work among the churches recognized more widely and placed upon a better foundation. Already plans are ripening, in consultation with Mr. Fisher, looking to a more effective presentation of the claims of the foreign work upon the young people of our churches."

Brooklyn New York has 678,000 persons who are professedly Protestant, but only 148,000 active contributing church members. Of the population in general two out of every three are foreign-born or of foreign-born parents. There are 400,000 Jews in Brooklyn; between 170,000 and 200,000 Italians; about 50,000 Poles; about 30,000 Russians. There are large colonies of Syrians and Spaniards. Other races have large numbers of their people living in Brooklyn and Queens. Many of them are out of touch with the Synagogue, Roman Catholic, and Protestant churches. They are drifting into or are already in anarchy and atheism.

The Sunday afternoon Y. M. C. A. conference addresses which the Rev. Dr. Cadman of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, has been giving for some time at the Bedford Branch are very popular. The New York Post says: "To those who have been attending these men's conferences addressed by Dr. Cadman it is useless to tell of the tremendous impression that these messages leave upon the minds of his audience, and consequently upon the community. Many men come for miles to listen to these addresses and to derive benefit and inspiration. The Bedford Branch possesses the distinction of conducting the largest meeting held for men in any city W. M. C. A. building in the world. Last Sunday over 1,700 men crowded the Auditorium for this conference, and several hundred more were unable to gain access to the hall."

During the year 1917 Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, received 153 members, the largest number for any year since its organization in 1840. Of the 45 uniting on confession, 16 were men and 29 were women. Of the 108 uniting by letter the denominational representation is as follows: Congregational 52, Presbyterian 21, Methodist 18, Baptist, 5, Lutheran 4, Episcopal 4, Reformed 3, Unitarian 1. Of those coming by letter 43 were men and 65 were women, making a total of 59 men and women. The following states and countries are represented: N. Y. City 13, N. Y. State outside of N. Y. City 25, Massachusetts 11, Connecticut 8, Pennsylvania 5, Ohio 5, Illinois 4, Iowa 3, Missouri 3, Minnesota 3, New Hampshire 2, Colorado 2, Wisconsin 2, California 2, District of Columbia 2, and one each from Maine, Vermont, New Jersey, W. Virginia, Nebraska, Louisiana, New Mexico, Tennessee, South Carolina, Utah, and Washington. Canada 5, Bulgaria 1, and Scotland 1. Twenty-four states and three foreign countries.

Congressman Lunn who is standing sponsor in the House of Representatives for a resolution committing the United States to a joint policy with Great Britain in supporting nationalistic aspirations of Jews in Palestine, is a Congregational minister, his name appearing in our last Year Book. The Christian Science Monitor mentions him as "a former socialist clergyman, who won national fame by his

success in being twice elected as Mayor of Schenectady, N. Y. "He began his career as student in an Iowa college, went east and studied for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary, New York City, and had his first church in Brooklyn, N. Y. When called to Schenectady to become pastor of a union church with independent leanings, ecclesiastically considered, he soon branched out into a sociological propaganda that made him conspicuous as a radical factor in the community life. He got a grip on the masses there engaged in the great electrical industry that was sufficient to sweep him into office. Official responsibility moderated his social ardor considerably, and taught him that there is a difference between destructive criticism and constructive accomplishment. Within 18 months he has been disciplined by the national Socialist Party for his refusal to subordinate national to class and party interests; and he now stands with the large and influential American-born group of former Socialists who are heartily supporting the Administration and the nation in the war."

TACT, WITHOUT WHICH YOU FAIL!

Byron H. Stauffer.

The Master used it when He called Zaccheus by name. How bungling it would have been to call, 'Hey, there you; Mr. Stranger; Say, Friend Whatchername!" I can imagine how pleased that publican was to see that the famous Rabbi knew his name. He probably told his wife: "He knew me up in the tree, recognized me right away, called, 'Zaccheus, make haste'; what an inteligent, genial, good man this Jesus is!" Men's motives are all more or less mixed, and it is altogether pardonable to win men by your intrinsic worth helped on by pleasing them. Let the dross assist the gold: all characters are not twenty-four karats fine. How good it sounds to see a young man keep in mind the name of the guest. "Yes, Dr. Crews." And if someone else enters the room, how pleasant to hear the young woman recall the stranger's name, and say, "This is our friend, Dr. Crews." How embarrassing, on the other hand, to have to stumble: "This is Mr. ah—Mr.,—I really forget your name, Sir." It is wise to study the art of remembering names. Bishop Joseph Berry made it his business, during his twenty years' traveling among conferences and conventions, to fasten into his memory the names of Methodist preachers. He interested himself in their problems, and was a brother to them all. When he presided at the Central Pennsylvania Conference, shortly after his elevation to the episcopacy, he announced, without prompting from anybody, the name of every man who arose to claim the floor the first day of the session. Wouldn't that instill the spirit of brotherliness among the preachers? Sir John Macdonald, at a breakfast in the Queen's Hotel dining-room walked around the table not only to greet each guest by name but to refer to some phase of the man's career. No wonder he had a magnetic power over men.

Tact is a cute little word signifying touch. A good barber has it in his fingers. Another tonsorial inefficient's touch may make you creep. The dictionary says tact is "a nice discernment of the best course of action under given conditions." Also, "tact is ability to deal with others without offense." Which reminds me that a certain college professor, in the presence of four Canadian-born folks, rebuked his wife for saying "I guess." He said it was a Canadianism, adding, "One would fauncy you were born on this side of the Atlantic." All four Canadians revealed a repressive tact by avoiding the temptation to ask the Professor whether there was any real distinction between "guess" and "fauncy."

Tact is choosing the right instrument. Tactlessness is trying to repair a watch by using a blacksmith's hammer and tongs. And note well that it is just as tactless to attempt to shoe a horse with a watchmaker's tools.

The Master enlisted Zaccheus by asking a favor. "I must abide at thy house; have you a spare bed?' Jesus often did favors, but one day He noted that out of ten kindnesses bestowed, He received but one "thank you.' That did not sour Him; He merely noted the stubborn fact. But we can often win men for the Kingdom by asking them to work for us as ambassadors of the King. Jesus asked a woman for a drink; a man for a colt; a landlord for an upper room. Virtues are often stirred by vibrating social pride. It gratifies people that they have something that can be used for a high purpose. I won a man and his wife by asking them to bake a dozen mince pies for a church dinner. It was the first work for a church they had ever done. The pies were good, even though the donors were unused to social functions. But that couple were at service next Sabbath. Now,ten years later, he is a steward and she president of the Ladies' Aid.

We are not told what Jesus said or did at Zaccheus' home. Therefore it is fair to assume that He said not a word about the Publican's business, else it would be given us for our guidance in similar work. I take it for granted that the Prophet did not say: "Look here, Zaccheus, you are a base scoundrel; I want to talk to you about this rotten business of yours." I incline to the supposition that He was a model in decorum at the Zaccheus mansion, a perfect gentleman who spoke kindly to the children, commented on Mrs. Zaccheus' flowers, and said a dainty word about some favorite item of the menu. He disarmed the Chief Publican. He let His own demeanor speak of His virtues and left the sinner alone with his own conscience. Goodness has a silent eloquence.

I think that Zaccheus' declaration of conversation was uttered the next morning as Jesus was leaving. I imagine that the host said, "Master, I have been doing some thinking during the night. I have decided to turn over a new leaf. Half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." Contact with a Jesus develops men's generosity and fairness.

Develop tact! Practice the art. Without it we fail.

AMERICA SINGS THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

Excerpts from a Christmas Sermon Given at the Mount Hollywood Church, Los Angeles, by the Pastor, Dr. Sheldon Shepard.

Christmas began with a song, the song of the angels, and the song has not died away. "Peace on Earth." This was the hope dropped divinely alive into the heart of humanity on the night when the star of promise shone over the lowly birthplace in Bethlehem. Was it a dream, or a prophecy? Merely a wish, or brought it power?

The clash of arms, the report of disaster, the hurry of war's preparation, all make so much noise that there are hardly ears to listen for the song of peace. And some would refuse to recognize Christmas when it comes this year. They fear that the song of the angels has been drowned out, and that the hope of peace has vanished. They say that the angel messengers have but fooled us, and the Peace-child has not won. If God did send His Son, He failed.

But I say that this is the greatest Christmas that ever greeted the hopeful sun. For history's first time a mass of people, bound together in the ties that bind a great nation, have accepted the spirit of Christmas, and undertaken the hardest, the most costly, the most dangerous thing, for the sake of the Christmas song.

There is something in America today close akin to the heart of God when He sent His Son to walk the stony path, and to climb the hill to be lifted up on the cross. Now, with the song of the angels in her heart, America sends her sons to do the hard thing, that tere may be peace on earth, and that good-will may be manifested to men.

Christmas failed? Why, Christmas has not come. Men are to become Godlike. A nation does what God did! Jesus Christ grips the world heart. For the first time men love the Christmas song enough to die for it.

Such devotion will find, under God, the best way, the glorious way out. It may be through Gethsemane. The path may run by way of Calvary. What matters it? He blazed the way! And He will lead on to the victory in the glory of the broken tomb and of the resurrection morn!

LETTER FROM A PASTOR TO A BROTHER PASTOR.

The following letter from one California pastor to another may be of help to others, and is accordingly sent through The Pacific to the wider reading thus afforded:

My dear friend: I wish there were time for us to sit down together and patiently to talk over the Christian part in this perplexing situation. As you can readily guess I go far with you in your Confession of Faith. With all my soul I believe that "the religion of Jesus was and is a way of life for the present and not merely an ideal for the future." It is not at that point that we part company, but in our conviction as to what the Christian program for the present demands. We will give each other the credit for the sincere desire to be true to the spirit and principles of Jesus and for any unwillingness to confuse or to be confused by any easy literalism, through which more than once his message has been obscured.

We see "eye to eye" in this also: "Christian men and Christian nations are to live primarily for the spiritual kingdom of God, and sometimes may be called upon to lay down their lives for the sake of the truth." We are completely agreed too in our detestation of war, of its brutality, its inumanity, its intolerable inconsistency.

I think we ought neither of us to go farther in our discussion until we both steadily and patiently recognize that much as our common faith.

Where then do we part? Perhaps in recognizing that we face a condition and not simply a theory; that we are actually in the war, however it has come about. I think we are in it not because we sought it or desired it, but because we were compelled to take our responsibility in it or surrender our right to talk about righteousness, justice, the protection of the weak, the supremacy of the spiritual. But I recognize that you do not go with me there, and that is not just now the point. The point is, whether we regret it or rejoice in it, whether we think the initial step was wise or unwise, we are now in it, and we must therefore meet as wisely and as manly as possible the responsibility for what has been done. Now that we are in it, for the nation to lay down its arms, would be, it seems to me, not simply physical disaster. That would be the least damaging thing in such a course. It would be moral surrender. It would invite moral chaos. Under such circumstances, it seems to me, we ought not to discuss the question as if it were an academic question, nor as if it belonged to the past. The question is not now. Should we have consented to recognize a state of war? But this rather: In this time of world choas, we have become involved with the rest of the world in war, what shall we do? Shall we now lay down our arms and seek for a peace which must mean the surrender of the ideals we have seen and proclaimed, or shall we, at whatever cost, and in spite of much that is undeniably wrong in our own political and industrial life, insist upon a peace that is based upon the principles of humanity and brotherhood? Terrible as war is, now that we are actually in it, for us to withdraw before something decisive is gained would be, it seems to me, treason to humanity. If that is so it is not now a time to discuss the academic question, "What should we have done?"

Then again, I suppose we part company at another place. While it seems to me, as it does to you, never right to use force to extend moral ideals, it may be right to use force to protect societies seeking to embody ideals, and to defend those whose lives are threatened by those who do violence to moral ideals. It seems to me it would have been the exercise of Christian responsibility to have prevented by the use of force the Turks from exterminating the Armenians. To permit the Turk to commit such outrages, as he has committed for generations against the Armenian, and to think we are doing the Christian duty, by simply binding up the wounds of the suffering Armenian, is to lose sight of certain primary Christian responsibilities. Love is not love if it is not also righteousness. Sometimes Christian Love is a consuming fire.

This is not a defense of war. It is simply saying that war in the protection of good is less evil than acquiesence in the destruction of good; that war in the protection of democracy is less evil than the destruction of democracy.

I presume there is another point, from which we look in different directions. We both believe in brotherhood, not simply as an ideal, but as constituting a program in industry and politics and religion. It seems to me we are so involved in each other's lives and so responsible to the common good that when ideals which give humanity its glory are endangered we must not refuse to march with our fellows in the defense of our common inheritance unless by so doing we more surely protect and defend the ideals which are our common possession.

There is much more I would like to say but I had no thought of writing at such length. I hope we will both live here long enough to see the day when men "learn war no more."

The articles in the Atlantic Monthly by Cheradame have greatly interested me. They seem to me to set our whole problem in a large light of historic fact and to point the way in which we may move toward a world peace established in righteousness.

Cordially,
RAYMOND C. BROOKS.

LET US TAKE AS WELL AS GIVE.

The California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church recommended at its session this year the printing of an Advocate Subscription Card to be hung in the churches on which should appear the name of every subscriber in the local church.

It was also recommended that one Sunday in December be set apart as "Advocate Sunday," and that an effort be made to so build up the list that the Advocate have one subscriber for every seven of the membership.

We hand this on to the new board of directors of The

Pacific soon to be chosen, and ask our pastors and church members to think about it also. Congregationalists often talk about what they have contributed to other denominations. Let us reach out and take more of the good things and methods from the other denominations. And now that we have suggested something that might with profit be adopted from the Methodists, let us turn to the Baptists to ascertain if they have anything suggestive for us.

We find that fifteen years ago they put into the field in the interests of the Pacific Baptist a field representative whose first duty it was to solicit subscriptions; that they have had him going the rounds all the years since that time, and have thus built up the subscription list from 1,800 to more than 6,000; and have kept it up for several years. This man having had some evangelistic experience has been found very helpful in that way to many of the smaller churches. He has been also a good gatherer of church news.

So, this is another thing in another denomination for Pacific Coast Congregationalists to consider.

Congregationalists in the United States of America may be setting the pace in some things, but it is an incrovertible fact that they are not doing it in making their church publications serve the churches and the kingdom of God.

SOME NEW-FOUND OLD-TIME THOUGHTS BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Some excerpts from letters written by Rabindranath Tagore in 1893 have been published in a Calcutta magazine in which we find the following: "Each day the thought recurs to me: shall I be reborn under this star-spangled sky? Will the peaceful rapture of such wonderful evenings ever again be mine on this silent Bengal river, in so secluded a corner of the world? Perhaps not. The scene may be changed. I may be reborn with a different mind. Many such evenings may come, but they may refuse to snuggle so trustfully, so lovingly with such complete abandon, to my breast. Curiously enough, my greatest fear is lest I should be reborn in Europe! For there one cannot lie like this with one's whole being laid open to the infinite above. One is liable, I am afraid, to be soundly berated for lying down at all. ....I am sure—I cannot exactly say why—that this lazy, dreamy, self-absorbed, sky-filled state of mind is by no means the less glorious. I feel no whit inferior to the busiest business man of the world as I lie here in my jolly boat." . . . In another letter Tagore wrote. "Success in life" is an unmeaning phrase—Nature's commandment being simply to live. Look at Narain Sugh over there. He kneads and bakes huge cakes of flour with glee, and eats them dipped in curds, with immense relish. Then, after a few pulls at his hubble-hubble pipe, he gets through his alloted task and is at rest, reposing peacefully the whole night. He never even dreams of having lived in vain or of his life being out of gear; nor does he hold himself responsible that the world does not progress any faster."

In a letter a week later we find Tagore saying: "To enjoy a thing properly one has to hedge it round with a barrier of leisure. It has then to be spread out, smoothed down, and stretched to the full, if every bit is to be made the most of." In the same letter he says: "As I grow older I am beginning to see that the degree of getting depends on the capacity of the receiver. Complaints about the meagerness of the gift do no manner of good; the defect lies in the scantiness of the power to take."

At another time, writing about Creation Tagore said: "Reason tells us that creation can never be perfectly happy. So long as it is incomplete it must do with imperfection and sorrow. It can only be perfect when it ceases to be creation and is God."

And he asked then, "Do our prayers dare go so far?" Continuing Tagore said: "The more we think over it the oftener we come back to the starting point,—why this creation at all? If we cannot make up our mind to object to the thing itself, it is futile complaining about its compaion, sorrow.

"So, the Buddhists lay the axe at the root and demand that creation itself shall be got rid of. The Christians glorify sorrow, believing that God became man to take his burden of sorrow upon himself. As for me, I simply feel what is, is good. It is a great piece of luck that I am here, and this wonderful world is here, and I would not have it otherwise.

"Buddha says: "If you would preserve what is, you would perpetuate sorrow. I, the least of men, say in reply: If to keep what is good and dear I must bear sorrow, bear it I will. Hunger, grief and despair may now and then overcome us, but since we continue to love life in spite of these it is not seemly that we should repine."

In what Tagore says concerning Creation there is similarity of thought in a recent poem by Edward Markham in The Nautilus:

Impossible you say that man survives
The grave—that there are other lives?
More strange, O friend, that we should ever rise
Out of the dark to walk below these skies
Once having risen into life and light,
We need not wonder at our deathless flight.

* * * * * *

Be brave, O heart, be brave:
It is not strange man survives the grave:
'Twould be a stranger thing were he destroyed
Than that he ever vaulted from the void!

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

During the first week of January, 1918, representatives from the Student Young Women's Christian Association of the State University will be calling on their friends and families to tell them about the work carried on at Stiles Hall just off the University campus. Stiles Hall has been for years the home of the two Christian Associations and from it have gone Christian leaders to all parts of the world who have received much of the impetus for Christian work in this country and abroad through the activities carried on in connection with the Associations. The Young Women's Association at Berkeley is responsible directly for about 23 lines of work all under the leadership of college women. There is no other organization in the University so fitted to develop leadership. Some of the girls have ten, some over fifty college girls working under them. Every girl who joins the Association is given a chance to work and thus is afforded the opportunity of exercising the best initiative of which she is capable.

At first it might seem to some who read this page that this is not the time to emphasize the merits of any local work when all of us are answering the incessant and ever increasing demands of our War emergency in our churches, in Red Cross, in relief for Armenians, Syrians, Belgians, and in the great national drives for war work carried on by the two Christian Associations. Those who have not come directly and intimately in touch with the work being done in our State University might even be tempted to advise

a cutting down of expenses this year. A person who is so tempted has failed to face the challenge of this age for Christian leadership. He has forgotten how dependent the world is going to be on the trained person to think through the problems, religious and social, attendant on this world crisis. He has not been in our student centers recently and seen our Christian students going forth, heads up, faces bright, minds alert, "going in the strength of the Lord God" to meet the challenge of these days.

This is a plea to all to look with new emotions on this young handmaid of the Church in this great student center. This is a plea for you Christian mothers and fathers to listen with new attention to your daughters as they come to you this New Year time. Ask them about their work, encourage them to tell you how it is all linked up with the war work, ask them about the equipment at Stiles Hall, urge them to tell you how the work must be backed up as never before, and be very slow in refusing to give what you can for the home base, which will make possible the work of the future.

This year will mean the necessity of increased staff and equipment if we would meet the demand. We shall have to send more and abler student leaders to our summer conference, for girls will have to go into positions of responsibility made urgent by the War, and will need greater inspiration for their task. The training classes in our local student center must be enlarged that college girls may go into their home communities, in city and country with greater power. Moreover, students here are having new opportunities each year to show the true spirit of Jesus Christ toward girls of foreign parentage who may be their fellow students.

The students going out in the publicity and finance work in their home communities this January are doing it because they have a claim on your attention and interest.

1. Because you must feel the need of Christian leadership at this time.

2. Because they believe that their Student Association, because of the size of the University in which it is located, is sending out more leaders than any other college in the West.

3. Because they represent the one State University and thus have a right to call on people in all parts of California. Will you not pray for the work in this great University this year? Will you not do what you can to help the Christian Association and the Church in Berkeley to send out more leaders, and send them out with more of the Spirit of Christ in their work in this world which, as never before, challenges womanhood to be at its best?

Those who wish to keep in touch with the work of the Student Associations may subscribe for 25 cents a semester to "The Association Record," the weekly publication. The Record is sent free with all contributing memberships of $3 and over. Address all communication to Stiles Hall, Berkeley.

Battling with fate, with men, and with myself,
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,
Three things I learned—three things of precious worth,
To guide and help me down the western slope,
I have learned how to pray, and toil and save;
To pray for courage to receive what comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;
To toil for universal good, since thus,
And only thus, can good come unto me;
To save by giving whatso'er I have
To those who have not—this alone is gain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ANOTHER YEAR.

W. C. Allen

The experiences of every year may be compared to those associated with ascending the wonderful canons of the mighty West. Those deep valleys, the spanish word "canons" means "tube in the mountain," penetrate the rugged wilderness of rocks and woodland and often afford the only route whereby the summit of some splendid peak may finally be reached. The brave traveler sets out for his destination just as we at the beginning of each twelve-months with renewed courage consider the coming year.

These canons, like the succeeding weeks in the lives of many of us, afford an ever-shifting scene. Some times they are arid; no gushing waters are near to refresh the weary voyager. Again they may be the only outlets for the limpid springs of water that merge into living streams at his tired feet. Obstacles unexpectedly frustrate his intent. Huge boulders may intervene. Sometimes a lovely spot of green mosses and dainty wild flowers allure to an hour's repose. Many a halt is necessary wherein to accumulate fresh strength for the upward march. The climb is renewed. Gigantic precipices tower on every side. How helpless is the traveler in the circumstances surrounding him. Sometimes all view of the outer world is cut off. Only a blue ribbon of God's beautiful sky is above. There seems no way of escape. To retreat would be cowardly. Faith is once more invoked and he presses onward. Just when the adamantine rocks crowd most relentlessly he discovers an unexpected turn to right or left. How glad he is that he went right forward. Trust and courage have met with a sure reward. At last the summit is attained. The things that obstructed his progress seem in retrospect very small. Heaven is above him and the world lies at his feet. In the quiet of the rare upper atmosphere he is very close to God.

So to the Christian are the passing years. The incidents of life may crowd never so hard, the water springs may temporarily cease to flow, the flowerlets of joy may not be seen because we think of our feet bruised and torn. The cruel, hard walls of circumstances may at times seem to hopelessly enclose us. Shall we give up? No! We continue the material and spiritual struggle. We consider the end of our eventful and wonderful life-journey—of the sun-bathed splendor of the upper world.

Every year takes the child of faith valorously upward toward his beautiful Heaven. Each succeeding twelve-months finds the child of God one year nearer to the celestial joy.

San Jose, Cal.

God said, "I am tired of kings,"
But that was a long while ago;
And meantime man said, "No—
I like their looks in their robes and rings."
So he crowned a few more,
And they went on playing the game as before,
Fight and spoiling things.

Man said, "I am tired of kings,
Sons of the robber chiefs of yore;
They make me pay for their lust and their war;
I am the puppet, they pull the strings;
The blood of my heart is the wine they drink.
I will govern myself for a while, I think,
And see what that brings."
Then God, who made the first remark, smiled in the dark.

—Henry Van Dyke.

LETTER FROM SECRETARY BARTON OF THE AMERICAN BOARD TO SENATOR LODGE.

Boston, Mass., December 10, 1917.

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge
Washington, District of Columbia,

My dear Senator Lodge:

To say that the people of Massachusetts have read your recent address in the Senate with keen interest and with appreciation would be to express but tritely what is a profound fact. Your characterization of the Turk and the atrocities that he has committed, not only upon the non-Moslem races of Turkey but upon sensibilities of the world, is none too strong, but if you apply it to the Turkish Government now in power; and it can be applied in a large measure to any government based on Mohammedan law.

May I venture to discuss a little more at length the question as to the wisdom of Congress declaring a state of war against Turkey and Bulgaria? I have lived in Turkey for many years, and for nearly twenty-five years have had administrative responsibility for many American institutions in Turkey. During the last three months I have had long conversations with from fifty to one hundred Americans who have come out of Turkey since the breaking of diplomatic relations between Turkey and the United States, and who during the entire period of the war have lived in different parts of the country and have been in close relations with the Turkish officials. These were teachers in American Colleges, physicians carrying on medical work in Turkey and general missionaries, as well as United States Consuls and Ambassadors. I have been inevitably led to the following conclusions:

First: That both Bulgaria and Turkey are under the military rule and dominion of the Germans, without power of throwing off that rule. In Turkey, for instance, the Minister of War, Enver Pasha, is thought to be now and to have been for years an agent of Berlin. It was through him that Turkey was involved in the war without a vote of the Cabinet and without the approval or knowledge of the Grand Vizier or even the Sultan himself. Turkey was forced into the war against her will by the German agents and German intrigue.

Second: There has been almost a universal protest among the Mohammedans of Turkey against the alliance of Turkey with Germany and absolutely universal protest by the non-Moslems of Turkey. Repeatedly leading Turkish officials have declared that Turkey had no chance to win by this alliance, and the utmost chance to lose everything. The intelligent Turk is quite aware of the fact that if Germany wins all that she contemplated at the outset of the war, sovereignty would be sacrificed. We all know that Germany began the conflict with her eyes directed to the East and not to the West, and that "Berlin to Bagdad" did not mean simply rail connection between Berlin and Bagdad, but it ment German sovereignty across the whole area. The intelligent Turk understands these things and strenuously protests but the army is under the control of Enver and Germany. Germans have sat in the Turkish Cabinet and only recently Djemal Pasha, the Turkish Military Commander of Syria, under German dominion, has been displaced by a German.

Third: Recent reports—as late as into October of this year—make it clear that the Turkish officials are increasingly friendly toward the United States. They see the impending ruin of their country. Their treatment of Americans who have remained in the country for the distribution of relief and for the conduct of American institutions there has made it evident that they regard America as an ally rather than as an enemy. The sending of Bernstorff to Constantinople is interpreted as an endeavor on the part of Germany to stem this rising tide of friendship and to try to convert this friendly spirit of the Turks into a spirit of hatred. The importance of achieving this was so imperative that the Kaiser himself made the long and perilous journey to Constantinople.

Fourth: If the United States should declare war upon Turkey there is every reason to expect that German officials would at once seize the large plants of American colleges and institutions in Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut, and elsewhere and put them to military uses, thus materially increasing their military equipment. It is known that they have repeatedly advised Turkey to do this since the outbreak of the war, and especially since the United States declared war on Germany, but the Turkish officials have in almost every instance resisted this German pressure. It is doubtful whether they could continue to resist if the United States should declare war.

Fifth: There is grave danger that upon the declaration of war on the part of the United States, the remaining non-Moslem population in Turkey—the Armenians, the Syrians, the Greeks and the Jews—under German insistence would be savagerly maltreated if not generally massacred. It is a matter of history that Germany desired to rid the country of these people in order that the "Berlin to Bagdad" domination might not have the problems of various unassimilated nationalities to deal with. Turkey acted at the beginning under the advice and direction of Berlin in starting deportations and in perpetrating the atrocities which have shocked the civilized world. But in spite of German pressure these have become less and less during the last few months. If, however, war should be declared by the United States against Turkey, Germany would have a new argument to use to arouse again the Turks, even if Germany herself did not take a more direct hand in completing the work of destruction of these non-Moslem races. The fact that these races have not been in sympathy with the war and that America has shown her friendship to them through generous contributions to save their lives, would be used by Germany as an indication that America had political designs on the country and made an argument for forcing Turkey into new atrocities.

Sixth: One cannot but raise the question as to what would be accomplished through a declaration of war on Bulgaria and Turkey. It would be impossible for the United States under present conditions, to send an expeditionary force against either country. As we understand, all of the available American forces are now required for service in France and Italy. We could not therefore bring any pressure to bear upon Turkey to change the situation as it exists today, and much less could we touch Bulgaria. Neither country could be reached and the declaration would simply stir up new disturbances within the country, and would jeopardise American life and American interests as well as the lives of millions of helpless non-Moslems for whose protection nothing whatever could be done. We have no possible cause of trouble with Bulgaria, whose traditional friendship for the United States is unchanged since the war began. Bulgaria was drawn into the conflict upon purely local issues.

Seventh: It is a mater of history that after the United States declared war against Germany, German influence in Constantinople was brought to bear with all its force upon the Turkish Cabinet to induce Turkey to declare war on the United States. All that this influence was able to accomplish was to secure the breaking of diplomatic relations between Turkey and the United States and we have it

on unquestioned authority that this vote was carried in the Cabinet by only one majority. On the question of declaring war on the United States there was only one member of the Turkish Cabinet that was strongly in favor of such a step. This demonstrates what has already been said, that Germany was eager to have Turkey declare war against the United States unquestionably for the purpose of giving Germany an absolutely free hand in Turkey in dealing with Americans, American property and American interests and for the purpose also of carrying out her original plan of elminating the non-Moslem population from the eastern part of the Turkish Empire. We can readily see that if the United States should take the step on its own initiative that Germany was eager to have Turkey take several months ago, we would be simply playing into the hands of Germany and aiding her in carrying out her purpose with reference to affairs in Turkey.

Eighth: Whatever may be the necessity for the future, a large number of patriotic friends of our country who believe in the necessity of prosecuting this war to its logical and final conclusion are of the opinion that to declare war upon Bulgaria and Turkey now would be not only of no aid in the prosecution of the European war and no help whatever to our Allies or to the cause of America in this conflict, but would be destructive to American interests in Turkey and to the innocent people of the Empire who are suffering at the hands of their overlord almost as much as the people of Belguim, Serbia and German Poland suffer. A declaration of war would greatly increase the horror without making contribution to bringing the conflct to a successful issue.

I am sure you will pardon so long a communication, but the situation is urgent, and I cannot but believe that the sentiment in favor of declaring war against Turkey and Bulgaria is not based upon a clear understanding of the situation in these countries, their relation to the general conflict and especially their relation to Germany. Neither country is today a free moral agent, so far as this conflict is concerned; neither have the people of these countries been free from the very outbreak of the war.

I have the honor to remain, your obedient servant,

JAMES L. BARTON.

THE AMERICAN JEW.

At the recent conference of the Hebrew Christian Alliance of America a paper was read by the Rev. Elias Newman on "The American Jew and How to Reach Him with the Gospel."

The first part of that paper contained some interesting facts concerning the Jews in the United States, from which we quote as follows:

"The Jews in America have come from every part of the Diaspora. Scattered as they are over the whole of the Continent they present a great diversity of characteristicts. They may be classified to several outstanding distinctions. Chief among these are the political, the linguistic and the religious differences existing among them.

"The Political subdivisions are as numerous as the countries from which they have come. Retaining as they do the distinctive marks of the race, they retain along with these pecularities something of the traits and customs of the people amongst whom they have sojourned. Consequently they are known as Russian Jews, Roumain Jews, Spanish Jews, English Jews, etc. Till recently there were no political movements, properly speaking, among the Jews. Zionism had not till the war attained to a political status. Now it is a fully developed political organization aiming at a specific object. Then there is the great Congress movement with all its meaning and aims.

"The Linguistic classification is as extensive as the political, for the Jews in America speak many languages, according to the lands from whence they hail. There are, however, several languages which are distinctly Jewish, one or other of which is the mother tongue of the Jew the world over, with a few exceptions. Hebrew to the majority of American Jews is an unknown tongue, only used in the orthodox synagogue service!

"By far the greater number are Ashkenazim, speaking Yiddish. Yiddish is a jargon or mixed dialect. Its basis is the low German of Luther's day with an admixture of other modern tongues, and a strong savour of Hebrew in idiom and inflexion, as well as in vocabulary. Naturally it derives its religious words from this latter source. The Hebrew characters are employed in writing it. It defies all rules of grammar, over-leaps all barriers, and carries off from any land a word or constructions that seems to meet present exigencies. Beginning with colloquial German, it very suddenly swings off into Rabbinical Hebrew, flounders through a corruption of French idiom, and then into the mysteries of enigmatic English in the expression of a single idea. There are several dialects of this flexible language, and it is fast becoming a literary language, with its poets, authors, dramas, newspapers and versions of the Bible. One Jewish paper, "The Tageblatt," has a circulation of about 100,000.

"Next in importance are the Sephardim. The name means Spanish, and is applied to the descendants of that unhappy multitude who were driven out of their adopted land by the Inquisition. Their language is Sephardic or Judea-Spanish, a jargon similar to Yiddish in its development, but with a basis of Spanish instead of German. Missionaries to the Jews in Brazil, Argentine and Mexico will find this language indispensable.

"A third class might be formed of those Jews who have had their home here before the revolution, who can speak nothing but English or American, calling themselves American Jews.

"There are three principal religious divisions among the Jews of America. Two of these divisions differ essentially in dogma; though each contains more or less of the ancient religion which, more than anything else, distinguishes their forefathers from other nations.

"The Orthodox or Talmudic Jew is the accepted type of the race, and outnumbers the combined forces of the other sects. Differing but little from the average Jew at the time of Christ, he clings tenaciously to everything Jewish; retains a pride of race and religion which centuries of degradation have not crushed out. The Talmud is their standard of ethics and esteemed almost as highly as the Scriptures of which they know very little.

"Reform Judiasm goes back to the Martyrdom of Uriel Da Costa, the degradation of Spinoza, and the sufferings of Moses Mendelsohn. Originating in Germany, this movement has had its greatest development in America. Many Reform Jews have not only broken the bonds of traditional Judasim, but have become rationalists of an advanced type. The Synagogue Service has been modified; and while they recognize the existence of a Suprem Deity, they deny the supernatural, discredit or limit the inspiration of the Bible, and ignore the literal interpretation of Messianic prophecy.

"A third class which I am sorry to say is increasing, might be called Socialistic. It is generally of the revolutionary type. It discards all religion. 'The first word of

religion is a lie,' says one. Another says: 'The idea of God must be destroyed; it is the keyword of a perverted civilization.' 'Religion is an anaesthetic employed to deaden the feelings of the oppressed and used by the Capitalists.' Such are some of its watchwords. A large number have come to the conclusion that Israel's religion is no longer good or valid; but still realizing the need and value of religion, Jewish men and women have sallied forth in every direction for some sort of religion. They are found in all the new cults. They have become easy prey to propagandists. Every new fangled fane has served them as refuge. In one of Paul Bourget's last novels, when a renegade priest in Paris tries to establish a new cult, it is a rich Jew that offers the funds for the building of a Temple.

"According to the latest Church census there are 1,769 synagogues, and 1,084 Rabbis in the United States, with a membership of 143,000. Think of it—over 3,000,000 Jews in this country and not a 12th of them members of any place of worship! In Canada there are about 100 Synagogues, with about 10,000 members out of a population of a quarter of a million. But how about attendance at worship? If you were to investigate conditions as I have in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, Montreal and Toronto, what would you find? The synagogues empty, and no matter what exertions the Rabbis make to attract the old or young, their efforts completely fail. Till lately the synagogues were practically empty the whole of the year, with the exception on the Day of Atonement; and even on this most solemn day, the synagogues are not entirely filled. At the present time, in all parts of the Jewish world on both sides of the Atlantic, the question is agitated in press and pulpit how to prevent this continuous backsliding, and how to awaken out of its sleep of carelessness. Rabbis like Dr. H. G. Enelow of New York are compelled to preach special sermons aiming to show the danger in which modern Jewry in America is in as the result of indifference, and this is what he says:

"Defection from religion, disloyalty, haughty indifference has not helped the Jew's life. Notwithstanding every other form of progress—intellectual and material—it has not helped the Jew's life. It has given it "leanness of soul.' It has smitten it with inward poverty and barrenness. It has caused the flowers of the spirit to wither. It has lowered the Jew's moral standards. Jewish men now are found in places of shame where formerly they were unknown. Jewish women and girls are found in places which formerly knew them not, and in such numbers as to make the question of helping them a serious difficulty. The Jew's standards have not been raised by abandonment of religion. They have gotten lower. And this, alas! is true not only of one class or group—not only of the poor or immigrant—as some are foolish enough to pretend. It is true of all, much to our sorrow and shame."

"The orthodox Jew still refuses the claims of Christ with an antagonism that is characteristic. The Reform Jew denies Jesus to be the Messiah, but admires Him as a Prophet; but all alike are united in their opposition to the Gospel and all missionary effort."

In a London address advocating a six-hour day in factories, Lord Leverholme said that a six-hour day meant an increase in production, and with each increase in wages there had been an increased demand which swallowed up the increased production. One manufacturer found that with a fifty-three-hour week his women employees were losing fourteen hours. He reduced the hours to forty-one, and the women lost only one hour, doing 44½ per cent, more work in the forty hours than they had done in the thirty-nine.

A MISTAKE BY THE ARTIST.

The Christmas number of The Congregationalist and Advance had a Frontispiece entitled "The Adoration of the Magi." It is a photograph of a sculpture by Mastroiannan. It is a fine picture from a merely artistic point of view, but in fact is a falsehood, and does great injustice to Mary and her husband, who is declared to be "a righteous man," and who acted in all his relations with Mary—so far as we are allowed to know about them—the part of a high-minded and generous husband. It is inconceivable that he allowed a single day to elapse after Mary was well enough to be moved before he had for her a house intended to be their home.

This visit of the Magi is expressly stated to be at a house (Matt. 2:11). What they found there is not said to be a baby, but a "young child." These "wise men" had made a long journey since the night on which they saw the star. Cruel Herod was not sure of murdering this child unless he slaughtered "all the male children in Bethlehem from two years old or under."

What is said of Joseph's character forbids us to imagine that even for the sake of fine art he would allow Mary to remain in the stable a single day after she was well enough to be removed. He was "a righteous man" (Matt. 1:19), and all that we know respecting his relations with his wife accords with that statement.

Doubtless, therefore, we may know that as soon as possible he found and provided the house where the Magi found the child. It would seem that they meant to make their home in Bethlehem until that second expression of a wicked world's ill welcome to its King impended and an angel is sent to say that there was no room for him in the inn, so there was none in the town, and the new-born King takes refuge in the very land where his ancestors had served as slaves. "Out of Egypt did I call My Son."

W. C. P.

RUSSIA'S SUFFERINGS AND SACRIFICES IN THE WAR.

"Every country involved in this war," says Major Stanley Washburn in the Red Cross Magazine, "has had to deal with problems of human misery and human suffering on a scale hitherto unknown in the history of the world. Belgium, being the first country to feel the hard burden of ruthless war, has had more sympathy and evoked more commiseration for her troubles than any of the other countries. A hundred journalists were on the spot in easy touch with avenues of communication to tell the world the then novel story of the country overrun by Germans. The story of Servia's tragic distress was not without its heralds. France, with whom we have always had an inherent sympathy, has received adequate interpretation to all the world, but of Russia, whose sacrifices and sufferings have probably exceeded all the others put together, there has been but meagre knowledge and casual interest. Cut off from easy communication, isolated from the rest of her Allies, she has suffered with the patience and dumb resignation characteristic of the Slav. Other countries have suffered but no country has felt so broadly and deeply the burdens of the war. To understand this one must realize that Russia has called to the colors nearly 14,000,000 men, that her casualties including prisoners and others becoming ineffective through military operations amount to nearly 7,000,000. In addition to this there have taken refuge within the mighty spaces of her great domain nearly 15,000,000 refugees, fleeing before the terror of the German scourge. It is fair to assume that between 50,000,000 and 60,000,-

000 human beings, either directly or through those near and dear to them, have felt in their daily lives the iron grip of the war."

W. B. M. P.

The Wednesday morning group are finding Fosdick's "Manhood of the Master" full of deep suggestiveness and a guide to thought in the few minutes devoted to reading before the prayer service.

The lesson for last Wednesday was "The Master's Indignation." Mrs. Barbour, who read the selections, said that at first it scarcely seemed to her an appropriate message for the Christmas season, but upon reflection there had appeared an unusual significance in it for this year of sorrow; that the peace which Christ came to bring would never come until we got indignant enough at the wrongs in the world to right them. Wherever there was wrong and oppression Christ's anger flamed out in protest, but "His wrath is turned only against wickedness that is proud, impenitent and unrelenting."

"The Master's magnanimity is made far more meaningful because he could be so deeply indignant; and his indignation is far more searching because it came from such a friendly and appreciative heart. Here then, are the marks of Jesus' indignation. He hated evil tremendously because he loved the people whom evil was ruining; his wrath always was unselfish; he never was angry at a private wrong; and his indignation always followed his attempt to find something praiseworthy in a man's life and was always ready to cease when the first sign of penitence appeared. Wrath like this explains the exclamation of a wise Englishman: 'Anger is one of the sinews of the soul; he who lacks it hath a maimed mind.'"

MISSIONS AND THE WORLD WAR.

Raymond C. Brooks.

It is now generally recognized that we owe it to the apostle Paul that the religion of Jesus did not degenerate into another Jewish sect but became, as He intended it, a world evangel, a universal religion, fitted for humanity. Paul was the only one of the apostolic group fitted by nature and by training to think in world terms. He alone saw clearly that unless the religion of Jesus was fitted for every man it was ultimately fitted for no man. Repeatedly since Paul's day the universalism of Jesus and of Paul has been forgotten and Christianity, so-called, has become sectarian, satisfied to minister to an elect group. Now and again it has been recalled to its world outlook by some great soul or by some great crisis.

It is scarcely possible that the Christian Church should go through such a world crisis as this and not be profoundly affected in its conception of and its administration of its world task. Already this world-shaking war is bringing into clear relief certain great realties which have been often seen and as often forgotten. For one thing it is becoming unmistakably clear that the urgent need of our civilization is that it should be brought under the control of certain great moral and religious ideals. Civilization, so called, even in Christendom can become a hideous and horrible curse when these ideals have been subtracted. Power is not a blessing but a terror if it is not guided and controlled for great and worthy ends. Scientific research itself may be employed to help destroy all the values which have been slowly and painfully gained through the centuries. Indeed the war has revealed a bottomless pit of develish possibilities through the use of the very agencies which scientific research has discovered and perfected.

Frightfulnss, inhumanity, brutality are revealed in their true nature when they employ scientific devices and work with scientific precision. The arresting fact is that the sordid, by lack of moral ideals, is not revealed in one nation only. Let this single fact sink into our thought. Before the war illegitimacy in England was 4 per cent. Last year it was 12 per cent. Could anything make more clear the lack of the power of moral ideals in Great Britain itself.

In the second place we are beginning to see the intolerable and inexcusable inconsistency of the selfish antagonism inevitably expressed in the war. "Men need each other even in fighting each other." Not a belligerent nation but that uses scientific devices discovered and perfected by those against whom they are fighting. America discovers the submarine and Germany uses it. Indeed it seems simply silly to imagine that any great world force can be confined to a single nation or group of nations. And even more silly to attempt to use great world forces for selfish and exclusive purposes. The whole philosophy of exclusiveness and selfishness whether for the individual or for the nation is suicidal. Even from a purely commercial point of view, to destroy a nation economically is to destroy that nation's power as a customer. "Legitimate commerce is built on mutual advantage."

Now because these things are so, because moral idealism is essential to a civilization that endures or that is worth enduring and because we are beginning to see the suicidal folly of nations living without rising above national and racial antagonism the conviction is gainng ground that the time has come for a universal religion, for a religion that will make it possible for humanity to move together under the inspiration of common ideals to a common goal. A religion that cannot conquer race prejudice and national antagonisms is not worthy of God or of man. Certainly no new civilization will be worthy the name or will command the loyalty of humanity which does not definitely seek to combine the gifts and graces of all the nations and races, whether English or German or French or Italian or Austrian or Russian or Japanese or Indian. It is probably safe to say that there is a growing conviction on the part of thoughtful people the world over that the religion of Jesus is just such a religion, holding within itself the moral ideals which give vitality to a civilization and compelling people to think in terms of humanity, in world terms. "A victorious Christianity must be world wide, humanity wide, God-wide in its outlook." It is not conceivable that we should ask less of a civilization or of a religion that finally is to command the respect and the loyalty of men.

But if this is so then certain things follow in reference to the religion of Jesus. For one thing it can no longer be a matter of indifference whether our Christianity be the Christianity of Christ. For it is entirely evident that much that has called itself Christianity is foreign to the religion of Jesus. It is being forced home upon the reason and the consciences of men today that a Christitnity that is primarily theological, a religion that identifies itself with an infallible Bible or with a Jewish theory of the Atonement or with a doctrine of eternal punishment is not the religion of Jesus. These doctrines never were, and never can be a part of essential Christianity. The Christian faith has won its way sometimes with the aid of them, sometimes

in spite of them but never because of them. It is equally clear that a religion that is primarily, emotional, or ceremonial or national or denominational is not the religion of Jesus. The fact is that all these kinds of Christianity in all the belligerent countries have been reconciled with a bitterness and hatred and a frightfulness that is absolutely unChristlike. The only kind of religion that can be identified with the religion of Jesus is the religion that truly reflects the spirit and the teachings of Jesus, that is consequently universal in its appeal with an ethics that can be applied to all nations and to all individuals. We are not thinking of the religion of Jesus if we are thinking of any kind of a religion which a man can hold without the spirit of radical, fundamental universal good-will. It is perfectly evident that these desperate antagonisms of Christian nations and races are not after the mind of Christ and that until they are overcome a Christian conquest of the world will not be possible.

Now it will be an enormous gain for the church at home if this fact is once learned, if Christ is really made supreme in our thinking, in the Bible and out of it, in our theology, in our tests for religious experience, in determining our national and personal relations.

And it will be an enormous gain for the missionary propaganda, if this is clearly seen. Then it will be clear that the business of missions is reverently to share with other nations our best, our best convictions, and ideals and hopes, in full appreciation of the best in the people to whom we go. Then it is clear that the supreme missionary message is of love at the heart of the world; of a God who in his very being is infinite, unwearied, self-giving love. The essence of religion is the sharing of such a patient unwearied, unbaffled love. Such a message cannot be delivered with pride or exclusiveness or hate in our hearts. The Gospel of Christ is the gospel of reconciliation: the task of the church is the task of reconciliation. The cause of Christian missions has as its supreme aim that a Christlike love of man for man, of nation for nation, of race for race should spread over all the world. To accept any lesser aim than that is to abandon the missionary aim altogether and to turn aside from the religion of eJsus.

GOD'S LOVE.

Never—once—since the world began
Has the sun ever once stopped shining.
His face very often we could not see,
And we grumbled at him for inconstancy;
But the clouds were really to blame. not he,
For, behind them, he was shining.

And so—behind life's darkest clouds,
God's love is always shining.
We veil it at times with our faithless fears,
And darken our sight with our foolish tears,
But in time the atmosphere always clears,
For His love is always shining.

—John Oxenham.

Carry abnegation, self-sacrifice, altruism, living for the good of the race,—which are the highest of the virtues and produce the heroes whom man most admires and longest remembers,—carry these to their logical conclusion, and what matters it what becomes of man's particular, petty self, if by his life and influence he has helped humanity on to something fairer and better. He ought not to care; the world-patriot does not care.—William D. Little.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Samuel C. Patterson started on Wednesday of this week for New York en route to France, or Italy, as a Y. M. C. A. religious worker on the war front.

Next Monday, at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco there will be a paper by the Rev. John Brereton on the book on Evolution by Professor Morgan of Columbia University.

The Congregational Church at Palo Alto celebrated Forefathers' Day the evening of the 21st. The Rev. G. F. Evans spoke on "Some Important Landings of History." The Rev. Bradley Gilman, on "Are We Worthy of Our Forefathers?" The Rev. Byron H. Stauffer, on "The Transformation of Cousins to Brothers."

Last week The Pacific had mention of the serious illness of the Rev. Dr. Luther R. Dyott, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Portland. Early this week word came that he had passed into the other life. Dr. Dyott recently entered on the eleventh year of his pastorate in Portland, where he was greatly loved, not only in his own church, but by the people in general.

The Rev. Dr. Frank S. Fitch passed into the other life last Sunday afternoon. Dr. Fitch was for a third of a century the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Buffalo, New York, and for the last two years pastor emeritus. Last year Dr. and Mrs. Fitch came to Califronia for a few months' visit, and finding much that was attractive and enjoyable in life here prolonged their visit for more than a year. Supplying so acceptably for two or three months the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco about a year ago, he was asked to take charge again a short time before Dr. Stauffer came to the pastorate. He supplied also for First Church, Los Angeles, and spent several enjoyable months at Claremont, delighting in the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere of that college town. Then Berkeley, our great University city, drew Dr. and Mrs. Fitch again, and it was there that he passed into the higher life beyond. From his old church in Buffalo came, last week, a message telling how hearts there were gladdened by word received that he was improving. and of hopes that they could welcome him home again very soon. But now the railway trains are carrying only the body back to his Buffalo people—the spirit having gone to the God who gave it. Many in California are glad to have had these months of acquaintance and fellowship with Dr. and Mrs. Fitch.

POMONA.

The debt of Pilgrim Church, which was reported in these columns last week as having dwindled to $14,000, was placed too high, either by the scribe or by the printer. Read $11,000 for $14,000.

On Friday evening, December 21, the cantata "Down the Chimney with Santa Claus," was delightfully rendered by members of the Junior department of the Bible School, assisted by "Beginners" and by some of the older people. A rare combination of the Santa Claus tradition and the deeper teaching of the Christmas season was thus presented to a congregation that crowded Pilgrim House to the doors.

The Christmas-Sunday celebration, December 23rd, began with the special exercises in the Bible School. All departments gathered in the auditorium of Pilgrim House and enjoyed a program given mainly by the younger chil-

dren. At the hour of morning worship the vested chorus choir led the processional followed by a large number of the children of the congregation who, with the choir, sang several Old English carols at intervals during the service. The subject of the pastor's sermon was "The Ordination of a Child." The original plan for the evening—the singing of "The Messiah" by the Claremont Choral Union—could not be carried out at this time on account of sickness and other causes. In place of this a program of song was rendered by the choir, and the pastor, William Orr Wark, gave a timely address on "The Significance of the Fall of Jerusalem." In leisurely journeyings through the Holy Land Mr. Wark has had opportunity for study and research that enables him to speak understandingly of the significance of the recent capture of the Holy City by the British.

INSTALLATION OF DR. WILLIAM HORACE DAY AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

The sermon at the installation of the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day as pastor of the United Congregational Church of Bridgeport, Connecticut, was given by Dean Charles R. Brown of the Yale School of Religion. The text was from Isaiah: "In the year the king died I saw the Lord."

The Bridgeport Telegram reports Dr. Brown as saying in part:

"When war comes to any country, always there are rich men who will give money, sometimes millions of it, that the war chest may be full, there are manufacturers who will place their plants at the disposal of the government for the making of munitions, there are shipowners who will turn over their vessels to the navy, there are men of large administrative ability who will leave their business and go to the capital of their country and there think hard and long on matters of finance and transportation and food supply.

"They are all praiseworthy, but after all the world shows its full gratification to those, who, as Lincoln said at Gettysburg, 'who give themselves.' They do not go in automobiles, they walk, they dig in trenches, they go over the top at the command to be shot at, they go on doing these hard things until the conflict is over and the race is won.

"In that longer, harder warfare against wanton graft, against vice and crime, the same sound principles hold—money is needed, knowledge, thorough and competent, administrative and organizing ability is needed, but nothing can ever take the place of that personal consecration when each man and each woman stands up in the presence of their Maker and dedicates himself to the highest he sees, 'Here am I, send me.'

"Have we not need in this great hour of our own national crisis of those vital and fundamental truths, to make men and women strong and steady in the service they are called upon to render, to give unto fathers and mothers who have seen those they hold dearer than life itself go into peril, strength to endure; have we not need of the great truths of religion when many puzzled and weary hearts are asking, 'Where is thy God?' when it seems as though God were indeed a God that hideth Himself.

"I am not wise enough to stand here and say what advantages are to be secured as the result of all these given and to picture the world-renewal, but because the price is so gigantic, I have faith to believe that the results to be secured will be correspondingly great.

"I believe that out of all this struggle and sacrifice, that if we keep our hands clean and our motives pure, there will come such advantages economic, political, moral, splendid and enduring as will cause the Infinite Being who had all of these interests at heart to look down and be satisfied, and we may be sure that what satisfies Him will satisfy us."

In giving the charge to the pastor, Secretary Edward Lincoln Smith of the American Board begged him to be mindful, not only of the needs of the individual soul, of the needs of the city of Bridgeport, the needs of the commonwealth of Connecticut, but also of those races that dwell across the sea.

The Rev. Gerald H. Beard, pastor of the Park Street Church, Bridgeport, gave the right hand of fellowship and spoke of the esteem in which Dr. Day was already held in Bridgeport, because of his sweet, winning personality and his consecration to service.

The charge to the people was given by Dr. Bridgman, editor of "The Congregationalist and Advance," who laid emphasis on the need for the church to "a practicing church."

The prayer of installation was given by the Rev. R. L. Swain, former pastor of the South Church, one of the churches merging to form the United Church.

A telegram of congratulation from President Blaisdell of Pomona College was read at the installation services.

The Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, formerly of Los Angeles, now of Fall River, Massachusetts, was a member of the council.

HE PLANNED!

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter and flitter and fold their wings.
Maybe they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always on purpose, those wonderful strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world, runs under their feet.
How value rises and how declines,
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish and sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives—
Hopes and joys and acts of today;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say;
Yet from end to end his meaning arrives,
And his word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightning, then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the thoughts and the works and the prayers of men
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings
Holding a moment and gone again?
Nay; he planned for the birds with the larger things?

—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Two-fifths of the world's gold product comes from South Africa. Since the world war began the mines of the Transvaal have produced gold valued approximately at six hundred million dollars.

The Home.

A PRAYER.

O manly Christ!
In grief at our poor human frame.
Vain. coward, credulous and tame.
We ask thy strength.

O kindly Christ!
Amid the throngs of heartless men.
Who thirst for blood. rejoice in pain.
We need thy smile.

O peaceful Christ!
From ceaseless bickerings and strife,
From days of stress, with tumults rife.
We crave thy calm.

O radiant Christ!
In mists of doubt and unbelief,
Through nights of restlessness and grief
We seek thy light.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

CURIOSITY IN CHILDREN.

"How shall I cure my child of curiosity?" a woman asked me the other day. "Such an inquistive, investigating child I never saw. I can't have her prying into everything. How can I break her of it?"

"Just as you would break a fish of swimming or a bird of singing."

"How do you cure a fish of swimming?"

"Kill it. You might as well."

"Do you mean that curiosity is a good thing? A natural thing?"

"Certainly I do. I would as soon put out a child's eyes, or stop up its ears, or cut off its fingers, as try to discourage its curiosity. It ought rather to be encouraged and wisely directed."

Try to imagine yourself placed in a totally new and strange environment, where most of the objects were far above the level of your eyes, or hidden from you or out of your reach. Imagine, too, that in order to know how to behave, how to get the good out of your surroundings, how to get along generally, it was necessary for you to understand the purposes of things and actions about you; that you were unable to read the printed books and newspapers and signs that told the natives the why and how of things; that those natives were of age and intelligence superior to yourself, and that the only ways in which you could learn the things you needed to know were either to ask endless questions or to reach up and handle things and try experiments for yourself.

Now, imagine also that in that strange environment the natives regarded your questions as a nuisance, snatched away from you everything that looked interesting and worth finding out about, punished you for trying to make discoveries on your own account, and yet at the same time expected you to act as if you had always lived there and knew the values and relations and ownership of things and all the reasons for the ways and customs of the place! Absurd isn't it? And yet that is exactly the way in which thousands of grown up people act towards the little folks who have been dragged into the world without being asked whether they wanted to come, and who are trying as best they can to understand things and people in the place in which they find themselves.

You have seen a kitten in a new room, sniffing about the corners and the furniture; she wants to know what sort of a place it is, whether it is a safe place for kittens to remain in, whether she'd better not run right away from there. Or, if she is to stay, she wants to understand all the ins-and-outs of it. It is the animal's instinctive effort to discover the attractions and uses and dangers of its environment.

There is something of the same sort in your litle child's curiosity about the things amid which it finds itself. But there is in the child, we may assume, something more, something higher—an intellectual hunger, a desire to come into acquaintance of the life about it. It is the beginning of education. Surely you didn't suppose that a child's education was a matter of books and school-teaching? That is the least and most superficial of it. Who are you that you should take the responsibility of checking the inquiry of your child, or anybody's child, about the world? Have you entirely forgotten your own childhood? Or did some lazy or officious person smother your inquisitiveness so that now you are too stupid to see what it is that your own child is doing? There are plenty of such people but I didn't think it of you!

One student of child nature says somewhat ponderously that "curiosity leads to objective knowledge, but is also a stimulus to the acquisition of subjective knowledge by imitation."

"Why does that big boy do so-and-so?" asks the small boy, seeing the larger boy, whom he hugely admires because he is larger, doing some as yet inexplicable thing.

You explain, and he forthwith tries to do it himself. So he learns the reason the process, and the results, and you don't have to explain that again. The knowledge, at first acquired objectively, has become subjective.

Old as you are, old as you may ever get to be, that is the way you learn yourself every day, if you are good for anything. Child or adult, we proceed from the known to the unknown. At the outset the child's knowledge is nil; he is an absolute stranger to the most commonplace things. You must not assume that he ought to know anything. The only way for him to learn is by asking questions, handling, and experimenting. Every new thing introduced into a familiar environment is a stimulus to his curiosity. I know one bright-eyed boy who became so familiar with the things about his home that it became a family joke—you couldn't move or displace the smallest thing or introduce a new one, however trivial, without his instantly noticing it and demanding the reason: "Where did you get it, Mother, and what is it for?"

If he is a really live and observing child, it is instinctive with him to try to relate each new thing, each new experience, to the knowledge he already has. Curiosity is to the mind what appetite is to the body—the intellect lives by what it feeds on. Show me a child without insatiable curiosity, and I will advise you to see what is the matter with it, for it will be a sure sign of physical torpor or mental deficiency.

Did I hear somebody scoff, and say that this is "some of that new-fangled child-training fad"? Indeed? Hear, then, what John Locke wrote nearly two hundred and fifty years ago (1690) in his "Thoughts Concerning Education":

"Curiosity in children is but an appetite after knowledge, and therefore ought to be encouraged in them, not only as a good sign, but as a great instrument nature has

provided to remove that ignorance they were born with, and which, without this busy inquistiveness, will make them dull and useless creatures."

Of course, there is need for commonsense, for a wise management of the business. A child can be taught not to interrupt inconsiderately the conversation of others; but I hope you are not one of those who believe a child should be "seen, but heard." There never was a wickeder or more deadly falsehood.

Locke says so wisely: "Mark what 'tis his mind aims at in the question, and not what words he expresses it in. And when you have informed and satisfied him in that, you will see how his thoughts enlarge themselves, and how by fit answers he may be led on farther than perhaps you could imagine." And he suggests that children often abandon themselves to being silly and insipid because their curiosity has been "baulked" and their "enquiries neglected."

Never, never, never give false or deluding answers to children. They quickly perceive the falsehood. That is one of the most effective ways to breed liars.

Are you with your own child enough to know the workings of his little mind? Or is some hired servant of dubious intelligence forming indeliby the impressons that he is to take through life?—Prudence Bradish in New York Post.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beenath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles;
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her hear be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolt of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

—Thomas Buchanan Read.

Henry J, Allen, editor of the Wichita (Ks.) Gazette, a recent Red Cross worker on the French front quotes General Petain as having said that the American Red Cross had done as much to stimulate French soldiers as the presence in France of an army of a million and a half American soldiers. Mr. Allen says that although the Red Cross is furnishing tobacco to the troops the comfort from a cigar, a cigarette or a pipeful of tobacco can hardly be estimated. "When a man has put on his war clothes, and finds himself in no man's land, it is no time to take away his tobacco."

For The Children.

SNOWFLAKES.

Once upon a time, a little raindrop thought it had played long enough up in the clouds, and said it would go down to the earth and see what it could do. So it started.

While it was falling, writes Josephine Jarvis, it had to pass through a cloud that was very cold, and this funny little raindrop, instead of shrinking together as we do when we are cold, stretched out and stretched out, until it was not round any more, but was long and thin, and hard like a needle; and that is just what it was—a little ice needle.

As it went on falling, it met another just like itself.

The second said, "Little Ice Needle, where are you going?"

"Down to the earth, to see what I can do.'

"I'll go, too."

So the second ice needle joined the first, and they fell together.

Prety soon they met a third, who said, "Little Ice Needles, where are you going?"

"Down to the earth, to see what we can do."

"Then I'll go too."

So it joined others, and they fell together. Then they met another, and another, and another, who all joined them. Then there were six little ice needles, falling together, and they had a new name—"Snowflakes."

Little Snowflake met others, who asked where it was going. "Down to the earth, to see what good I can do."

"We'll go, too. But where shall we go?'

"I know," said one of the little flakes. "Last summer, when I was warm and round, I saw a place where a little boy had planted some seeds, which a kind lady gave him. Let us fall on that place and keep it warm, so that the seeds in the ground may not freeze, and the little boy may have some flowers next summer."

"Oh, so we wil," said they all; and they fell faster and faster, so that they might get there sooner. Other snowflakes saw them and went, too, and the ground was covered more and more to keep the seeds from freezing during the winter.

When the weather began to be warm, the snow turned into water and ran down into the earth, and the seeds drank it and swelled and swelled until by and by little leaves came out above the ground from each seed. Then other leaves grew, and, when summer came little Frank had his flowers again, and all because one little raindrop wanted to do some good in the world.

MARY ELLEN'S UMBRELLA.

Mary Ellen was so very busy watching the big raindrops trickle down the windows of the schoolroom that she misspelled three words and could not answer when her turn came in geography. Mary Ellen had an umbrella which she loved better than almost anything else she possessed. She was so anxious to begin a plunge homeward, safely housed beneath it, that she had no mind left for lessons. To be sure, one of the umbrella's sides drooped miserably and its handle was broken. But it was an umbrella; and it was hers. It was the first umbrella Mary Ellen ever had.

When school was over, Mary Ellen held it proudly over Marion Jenkins, the little lame girl, till one of Marion's

yellow curls caught on a button of her coat. Mary Ellen was helping undo the tangle, when suddenly a gust of wind swept around the corner, and, filling the umbrella with air like a balloon, it carried it, rolling and tumbling, down the street.

"Oh, my umbrella! My darling umbrella!" cried Mary Ellen. She darted after it, catching it just as it was starting to roll down the steep bank toward the Key Highway, over near the city jail. Mary Ellen was too late. Another of her dear umbrella's bows was broken, making it unfit for even Mary Ellen to carry. Mary Ellen could not keep back her tears. She had loved her umbrella, and now it was little better than a wreck.

When Mary Ellen stopped at her gate to wipe away the tears so that mother need not see how foolish her little girl was, she found her mother was not at home, but an old woman was standing on the vine-covered porch, waiting for the rain to cease.

"I've been very sick and dare not get wet," she explained to Mary Ellen. Mary Ellen politely invited her to come into her mother's litle sitting-room, and pretended not to notice the woman's threadbare coat and frayed dress. She put the little woman in her mother's litle sewing-chair, made her a cup of tea, and while her poor battered old black bonnet was drying by the kitchen stove, Mary Ellen was entertaining the little woman with stories about her school. At last the woman decided that she must wait no longer.

"If I only had an umbrella," she said, "I might at least keep my shoulders dry, and maybe could keep from being sick again."

"Is mine too awfully broken," asked Mary Ellen, but the tears streamed over her checks as she tenderly opened it.

The little old woman took it gladly. "I don't mind its being broken, dearie; and I'll return it in as good shape as it is now," she promised. Then she limped away down the street. Mary Ellen eagerly watching her.

For days there was a sad weight at Mary Ellen's heart. But one morning a strange boy came to the door and thrust in Mary Ellen's umbrella, and a note that had been sent with it. Mary Ellen seized her beloved umbrella and hugged it before she noticed that it was not the old, warped handle, but a new, whole one. She opened it cautiously, as she had often done before, but the side refused to droop. Mary Ellen shook it easily, then harder, but each triangle remained stretched to its fullest size.

"O mother, mother! Just look!' she exclaimed.

Mother finished reading the note. Then she looked up. "It was the umbrella-mender's mother to whom you loaned your umbrella, Mary Ellen," she explained. 'He says that mending an umbrella is a very little thing compared with the kindness you showed a poor old woman."

Mary Ellen stared. "Why," she stammered, "lots of people wouldn't have carried my umbrella at all."

"It wasn't the umbrella, dear that she appreciated," said mother. "It was the kindness you showed in offering your poor, crippled treasure to a stranger. I have no doubt that even she was a little ashamed of the umbrella, but the kindness was a very different thing.'

Mary Ellen was thoughtful, "I reckon nobody can tell, then, by looking at a thing, whether there's a kindness in it or not. But it paid that time?—Eugene Du Maurier in Christian Register.

The man who has plenty of money is not always rich, and the man who has little is not always poor.

HOW BILLY WAS A SOLDIER.

"My, but I just wish I was growned up so I could be a soldier! I s'pose by the time I'm a man the war will be all over."

"I sincerely hope it will, my boy," answered his father, gravely, "and that there will never be another. If there should be, I trust you will be ready to do your duty; but let me tell you, my son, a good soldier has a great many hard lessons to learn before he is fit for service. You can be learning many of them while you are growing up, if you will, and you can find all the fighting you want every day of your life."

"Why, Father Baker, I'd like to know how," said Billy, stopping in amazement.

"One of the first and most important lessons a soldier has to learn is to obey promptly, without a question. I know a little boy who is very apt to question why he must do things he is told to do."

Billy looked discomfited.

"That's different,' he said: "if I was a soldier, of course I'd obey."

"I'm afraid not unless you had learned to do so before. Suppose you begin this very day to try to do just as you are told every time without one question or murmur, will you? You can imagine that you are in a training cap."

"That will be fun," said Billy; "but I don't see what chance there is for fighting."

"Don't you? Well, we are all encountering enemies every hour of our lives, and either we overcome them or they conquer us. Sometimes we have to make a pretty stiff fight if we want to come off victorious. Every time you are tempted to say or do anything that is not strictly true you are face to face with the enemy Deceit. When you are tempted to think of your own pleasure first, Selfishness is trying to get the best of you. When there is work you ought to do and you try to shirk it, Indolence is the foe. Then there is Disobediencee, Ill-Temper and"—

"Don't tell any more, please, it makes me tired, but I guess I can do most anything if I just make up my mind to it."

"Billy," said mother, that very afternoon, "I want you to look after baby while I go down the street to do an errand."

"Oh, dear!" exlcaimed Billy, fretfully, "I was going over to Tommy's, and we were going to have lots of fun. That's always the way; when I want to go anywhere I have to stay home to do something."

"I thought you were going to be a little soldier boy," said mother, gravely, "Isn't this a good time to begin? I shall not make you stay home; go to Tommy's if you wish; but I shall be disappointed not to be able to do my errand, and I shall be even more disappointed to have my soldier boy defeated."

Billy felt uncomfortable.

"I told Tommy I'd be sure to come," he said; "he will be 'specting me."

"Very well," said mother.

Billy waited a few minutes, hoping she would say more, but she did not.

'You most generally say I must keep my promises,' he continued, but there was no reply.

Then he slipped out of the room, took his cap, and went outdoors.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" something kept inside of him. You're a pretty soldier to be beaten the first time like this. You are selfish not to be willing to give up your play, and you are disobedient. You're no soldier at

all unless you can fight better than this."

Billy was almost to the gate when all at once he squared his shoudders and marched back double-quick.

"I most got beat," he said, "but not quite. You go right off and I'll take care of baby. But I wish it was as interesting and easy to be a soldier as it is to think about being one."—Kate S. Gates, in Lutheran Church Work and Observer.

A WELL-SPENT DAY.

Take a dash of water cold
And a little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air;
Add to your meal some merriment,
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then, as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in:
But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play;
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete a well-spent day.

TEAMWORK.

It ain't the guns nor armament,
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation that makes them win the day.
It ain't the individuals, nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' team work
Of every bloomin' soul. —Kipling.

We all know things that another should do,
His faults are like books on our shelves.
We can ponder them over and read and review,
But we haven't a book on ourselves.
We can settle the other man's troubles each day,
His griefs we can calmly discuss,
It is easy to sweep all his troubles away,
But we can't do the same for us.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Complaints continue in England from flour millers as to the unfair preference given to the maltsters. Many millers being unable, therefore, to obtain the necessary supplies of barley to mix with their wheat in order to produce the required standard of flour for baking purposes. In defense of the course pursued by the government it is said: "Rightly or wrongly, a very large proportion of the working men consider that beer is a food, and that a glass of beer in preference to a chunk of bread helps them in their work."

Bishop Jones of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Utah who has been asked to resign because of his extreme pacifism has been a Socialist for several years. He was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was trained at Yale University, New Haven, Conn., and the Cambridge Divinity School, Cambridge, Mass., and had his first church in Logan, Utah. In September 1914, he was made archdeacon of the diocese, and a few months later he became bishop.

The man who is laying up treasure in heaven is not robbing anybody down here.

Sure we have to fight the Kaiser,
And we have to fight the blues,
But, thank heaven, since we're wiser,
We don't have to fight the booze.

—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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